

## HER BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

For love and for life you have left me but this:  
Only a ringlet to clasp and to kiss!  
After the fear, and the tear, and the prayer,  
Only a tress of your beautiful hair—  
Of you silken, soft, shadowy, beautiful hair!

II.  
Hair that Love crowned—that his fingers unbound  
In moments when even the Silent seemed sound,  
And speech was immortal! When the rose and the fall  
Of a flower on your beautiful bosom said all!  
And earth moved in music and Love was Love's thrall.

III.  
For love and for life you have left me but this:  
All gold to my glance, dear, but cold to my kiss!  
You have left me but this, and to feel, and to know  
The dear brow that were it lies dreamless below  
The green o' the meadow—the white o' the snow.

IV.  
You have left me but this, of your love and your trust,  
The love that lies dreamless in daisies and dust;  
But over my heart, in the night of despair,  
I shall feel the soft fall of your beautiful hair  
Till I drift to God's Morning and meet with you there.  
—Frank L. Stanton, in the Atlanta Constitution.

## All's Well That Ends Well

MR. PERRY was an old bachelor and Miss Briggs was an old maid. He lived in the brick house on the hill, and she lived in the cottage opposite, and they were mortal enemies. He despised her because she kept two cats and a canary, and she loathed him for his affection for a huge wastif and an old knock-kneed horse.

"Why on earth the man don't try to get a decent horse is more than I can imagine," she would say, as he plodded up to the door. "I believe he is too mean and miserly to buy one."

Miss Briggs would hardly have felt pleased had she known that Mr. Perry rode back and forward on this worn-out piece of horseflesh for the purpose of annoying her.

They never spoke, but yet they managed to keep up a perfect warfare by disagreeable manners and wrathful glances.

She sat hour after hour beneath that canary bird in the window, with her cat perched upon the sill and her knitting in her hand, throwing glances of scorn to the opposite side, where he, with cigar and newspaper, received and paid them back with interest.

His detestable dog came over and ran through her garden, destroying all her beautiful tulips and hyacinths, and she gave him a hot bath, which sent him howling to his master, and when said master remonstrated, sent word that she would treat him worse next time.

Her little red cow broke through his enclosure and devoured his turnips, and he led her home and informed Miss Briggs that a second offense would give her a comfortable pasture in the pound.

For two years they lived and fought, and no one could bring about peace between them. It was a pity, the neighbors all said, for Miss Briggs was a dear little soul, and there was not a finer man in the country than Mr. Perry.

"Julia, my love," said Mrs. Perkins one afternoon, as she entered the cozy parlor. "I am going to have a party, and I want you to come down in the afternoon to tea and remain during the evening. Every one will be there."

"Will the old back over the way be there?"

"Mr. Perry? Oh, yes! We could not get along without him."

"Then that settles the matter, I shan't go."

"Now, Julia, don't be so foolish! If you remain at home he will think that you are afraid of him."

Miss Briggs thought the matter over. Well, it would look a little like that, and she would not have him think so for the world—the cancelled wretch.

Mrs. Perkins went home, and it was arranged that Miss Briggs should spend the afternoon and remain for the party.

She was a pretty little woman, and it was always a puzzle to every one why she never married. She had a round, rosy face, clear brown eyes and beautiful hair, and if she was thirty, there was not a smarter woman in town.

She stood before the looking-glass in her chamber, and fastened her lace collar over the neck of her dress with a plain gold brooch, and began to think that she looked very well. There was a bright healthy flush upon her cheek and her eyes were full of life and beauty.

She walked into Mrs. Perkins's sitting room and found her awaiting her with a smiling face. She thought that she must be in a very good humor, but said nothing, allowing the good lady to smile as long and pleasantly as she wished.

She understood it all when supper time came, and Mrs. Perkins entered, followed by Mr. Perry. This was a well-laid plot to make the two become friends.

Miss Briggs bit her lip and inwardly vowed that nothing should tempt her to "give that man" her hand in friendship. She hated him and always would.

He was placed directly opposite at the table, and many times forced to pass the biscuits or preserves, and Miss Briggs accepted them, although

she declared to Mrs. Perkins after supper that they nearly choked her. Before evening they were both persuaded to overlook the horse and cow difficulty, and be civil, and Miss Briggs was frightened when she found herself talking to him with easy and pleasant familiarity.

The party was a success, and although the sports were generally monopolized by the younger portion, they found room for the old maid and her enemy, and several times they found themselves doing most ridiculous things in the way of jingling forfeits.

At the end of the evening Miss Briggs was at the door to depart, when he called:

"Miss Briggs, I am going right up your way. Will you ride?"

Would she ride behind that old horse, and beside that detestable man? She was wondering whether she would or not, when Mrs. Perkins came and triumphantly led her out, and pushed her into the carriage.

It was as dark as pitch, and they had to let the horse go his own way and find it the best he could. He did so very well until they reached the cottage, and then he was bewildered.

Mr. Perry spoke, jerked the reins, but to no purpose. He then took out the whip. Whether his natural dislike to that article, or the memory of the indignities he had suffered from the hands of the owner of the cottage overcame him, it is hard to decide, but at all events he kicked up his heels, ran a few yards and fell, overturning the buggy and its precious contents.

Miss Briggs was up in a moment, unharmed, but Mr. Perry was silent as the grave. She ran shouting through the darkness until Mr. Perry's "help" came with a lantern to her assistance. They found the poor man half dead beneath the carriage, and while Dan was at work, Miss Briggs ran home for her own servant. After much hard labor they succeeded in extricating him from the wreck, but he was senseless, and they bore him home, and sent for a doctor.

Upon examination they found his leg to be broken, and thus Miss Briggs's enemy was at her mercy.

The days and weeks that followed were dreadful ones to the sufferer, but Miss Briggs never left him. Day and night she stood beside him, and her plump hands administered to every want.

He forgot the cow and his turnips. He forgot the cat and the canary. He only saw a little patient woman, with a pretty face, trim figure and tender hands—and would you believe it—fell in love with her.

How could he help it? She had sat by him through the dreary days of pain, she had brought him her preserves and nice invigorating cordials. She had, in all probability, saved his life.

What could he do? Nothing but fall in love.

"Miss Briggs," he said, one day when he was able to sit up.

"Well, Mr. Perry?"

"You have been very good to me, and I feel as though I owe you a great deal."

"There! now just stop where you are. You owe me nothing."

"But would you mind if I trespassed a little further on your good nature?"

"Not at all."

"Well, Miss Briggs, will you take me in charge for the rest of my life?"

"What?"

"Will you marry me? There?"

Miss Briggs blushed, and her answer came thus:

"I will marry you."

There was a wedding in church a few weeks later, and Mrs. Perkins prepared the wedding supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry live in the brick house, and the cottage is rented to a young man and his wife, to whom Mrs. Perry bequeathed her cats and the canary.

The mastiff and the knock-kneed old horse are with their forefathers.—Waverley Magazine.

Londoners and the "Lift."

It looks as though people with weak hearts had, after all, better climb ten flights of stairs than effect the ascent by means of the lift. This convenient institution is becoming ubiquitous. We soar up to the topmost story of the sky-scraping flat, we descend through geological strata to the twopenny tube by its assistance. We thought we were thereby saving our vital energies and lengthening our lives. The doctors seem to hold another opinion. Lift attendants have died sudden deaths; people with weak hearts have noticed ominous sensations when in the elevator. We are told the sudden transition from the heavier air at the foot to the lighter air at the top is extremely trying to the constitution. Even millionaires and bishops and aldermen are now voluntarily tramping up stairs, and avoiding the swifter but insidious route. In fact, a new disease has sprung into our ken, "lift man's heart." We have all of us been risking this malady without knowing it. It is true most people have experienced the singular sensation of internal collapse when the lift floor sinks beneath the feet, but none of us suspected the results might be so serious. Every new notion for health and comfort seems to bring its particular Nemesis.—London News.

No Use For Talking Machines.

A week little man walked into the office of the detectives at Police Headquarters Monday afternoon and reported that some one had stolen his photograph. Detective Phil Strick ran his hand over his bald spot and said: "Ah, the thief was a single man."

"How do you know he was a single man?" asked Eddie Moses.

"Why, it's a pipe that married man wouldn't steal a talking machine."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## AN ACCOMPLISHED CAT

"WUZZY" HAS BEEN TRAINED TO RETRIEVE GAME.

He is as Good as Any Hunting Dog—How His Master Taught Him to Retrieve, Follow and Stand Firm—Has Acquired Some Canine Habits.

Uncommon among cats is Wuzzy, the son of Muts, for Wuzzy goes a-hunting. He does not hunt as all cats do, but, instead, goes with hunter and gun and retrieves game, the accomplishment coming partly from heredity and partly from long, patient and careful training.

I became the possessor of a beautiful Australian tiger cat who responded to the name of Muts. Muts was affectionate and of good disposition, and I began training her to hunt while she was a kitten. It was a most difficult undertaking, and when I had reached a point in her education where she would follow me a short distance from the house and pick up birds that were shot she became the mother of three kittens. Two of them were consigned to a bucket of warm water at birth, but the third was so beautifully marked that he was saved. Some one remarked that he was "a wuzzy little cat," and "Wuzzy" he was named.

The coming of family duties effectually stopped the further education of Muts, and the effort was transferred to Wuzzy. Wuzzy's father was evidently a disreputable old fellow, but the son's markings were even more perfect than those of his mother, and now he is a miniature tiger in all but disposition, for a more lovable and loving cat it would be difficult to find. The nomadic instincts of his father, combined with the training of his mother, made Wuzzy an ideal subject for experimentation, and as soon as he could play I began teaching him to retrieve.

After Wuzzy had learned to retrieve he was taught to follow at request—not command—and then to come to shoulder. A dog is taught to come to heel, but Wuzzy preferred my shoulder and would climb there and remain perched during the long walks. Now came the most important and delicate part of his education. He would retrieve and would follow; would he stand firm? Would he retrieve birds? Beginning with a small rifle, which made but slight sound, I gradually accustomed him to the discharge until he would sit on my left shoulder while I fired a shot from the right.

The next lesson was to combine the sound of the gun with the idea of retrieving, and on firing I threw the ball with which he was accustomed to play and he quickly associated the gun and the ball. Then the ball was displaced by a dead bird, a linnets or sparrow freshly killed, and it took but a few lessons to teach him to retrieve the bird as readily as the ball. The next lesson consisted in hanging the bird to a limb and dropping it as the gun was fired. He soon learned to watch the motion of the gun, and his keen eyes detected the bird before the shot. His eagerness and expression of expectancy showed his impatience and the trigger was scarcely pressed before he was off for the fallen bird.

Having sufficiently inculcated into his mind the sequence of events I now put his lessons in practical operation and took him on his first hunt. He followed me readily for about a quarter of a mile and then showed a desire to return home. Calling him to shoulder, I shot a linnets. He watched the motion of the gun with evidences of delight, and as the bird fell he sprang to the ground and brought the bleeding trophy to my feet. This was sufficient for the first day, and we returned home, where he received the bird as his share of the day's sport.

Every day for a week I continued to take him further and further from home until I felt that his education was about complete. A tramp of three miles and back had no terrors for him, and his bright golden brown eyes were often first to discover the hidden bird. Like all of his kind, he has an antipathy for water, and will not venture in after birds that fall in streams.

The details of our most recent hunting trips are typical of his work and will serve to show to what extent Wuzzy's education has been carried. I started out one evening and gave a peculiar whistle, which the cat has learned to recognize as his particular call. He came sleepily around the corner of the house, as if half inclined to resent interference with his nap, but when he saw the gun his resentment passed and he was all life and action. He frisked about, like a dog, running up and down my clothing, climbing trees and scampering along the top of the fence for a few hundred yards, and began casting about for game. Espying a dove on a dead limb, he crouched and began lashing his long tail in perfect tiger motion. Thus he lay until I sighted the bird, flushed it and brought it down, when he was off, swifter than a dog, and grasping the fluttering bird almost as soon as it touched the ground.

I was first to sight the next bird, and flushed and dropped a meadow lark while the cat was looking in another direction. Instantly on the sound of the gun Wuzzy was alert, and noting the aim of the gun, he was off like a shot after the bird, which he found by circling like a true hunter. Thus the hunt progressed until we reached a spring about three miles from home just at sundown, the time when doves delight to drink, and then came what I consider the brightest achievement of the cat.

Hiding beside a scrub oak I called Wuzzy to shoulder. His bright eyes were constantly watching, and when a dove appeared flying swiftly toward the spring, the cat was trembling with excitement until the bird alighted for its evening drink, then he bounded from my shoulder to a nearby rock and stood, lashing his tail, while the frightened bird dashed and swiftly winged its way to fall by a shot. Retrieving the bird he waited patiently until the next appeared and the performance was repeated, until the approaching darkness drove us home.

As a sequence to his training Wuzzy has picked up, of his own accord, certain habits that are usually considered to belong especially to the dog. He objects to being left at home when any member of the family goes visiting, and will follow to the neighbor's, and if the visit happens to be a long one he will give most reproachful yowls from the front porch until the hint is taken and the visit cut short. Occasionally when we have spent the evening at a neighbor's, we have been followed by Wuzzy, and we were always sure to find him curled up at their front door when we started home.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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## THE WORLD'S LARGEST PLANK.

Cut From a Giant Redwood Tree It Measures 6217 Feet.

The largest perfect plank in the world is claimed by Charles Herbert Carr, of New York City. It is of redwood, cut from one of the famous California giants, with dimensions of two inches thick, six feet wide and seventeen feet long.

While there have been perhaps a large piece of redwood as this one exhibited, it is said that they were not without some imperfections either latent or patent, or else were made up of sectional pieces to represent one.

The plank was produced only by accident at one of the largest sawmills in California, and probably could never be duplicated. It is one of the most difficult tasks, coupled with constant disappointments, as explained by one well versed in such matters, to secure a slice of wood of such enormous proportions and have it perfect in every detail.

An experienced woodman is obliged to go prospecting for miles in the dense redwood forests for a suitably large and adaptable tree of at least fifteen feet in diameter. When he finds such a one he carefully inspects it, has it felled, and it is then a question whether it will prove sound enough inside to warrant further testing.

Trees of such large diameter, due to their great age—1000 or 1500 years—are invariably decayed, or have what is known as "heart checks" or seams, usually three in number, diverging from the corner of the tree trunk to two-thirds of the distance to the circumference. The trunk or log is then taken to the mill for final dissection, where skillful and scientific work is called into play to cut between these irregular "heart checks," and at the same time avoid any defects which lie hidden beneath the surface.

This piece of wood contains exactly 204 square feet, board measure, and weighs 110 pounds.

## How Parliament is Dissolved.

A preliminary step in the process of the dissolution of Parliament is the issue of the necessary writs by the Lord Chancellors of Great Britain and Ireland. Writs are issued to the temporal and spiritual peers of England, the representative peers of Ireland, the Judges of the High Court (not being temporal peers), the Attorney and Solicitor-General and the sheriffs and returning officers for counties and boroughs.

The twenty-eight representative peers of Ireland sit for life, and therefore in their case a dissolution merely involves a writ of summons to the new Parliament. It is otherwise, however, with the sixteen elective peers of Scotland. They hold their seats only during the lifetime of a Parliament, and have to be re-elected at each general election. The election takes place in Holyrood Palace, in Edinburgh.

Outside London and Middlesex the returning officers receive their writs by post; and a record of the times of posting, receipt and return is preserved by an elaborate system of signed acknowledgements. The writs are returnable within thirty-five days of their issue, and the returning officers are liable civilly and penally to the House of Commons for the proper return.—London Daily Mail.

## To Prevent Fire on Shipboard.

A French maritime engineer, M. Dibos, has discovered two remedies which can be employed simultaneously to prevent or annul spontaneous combustion in the hold of a vessel. The first is to have vertical tubes which go from the deck deep into the hold, down which thermometers may be lowered from time to time, and the temperature in the hold ascertained. This method is only for the discovery of danger.

The second method is really a completion of the first, and consists in placing in the hold a barrel full of common lime, into which, from the deck, runs a lead pipe. As soon as fire is discovered an acid (such as sulphuric) is poured down the tube into the lime. This causes a freeing of carbonic acid gas which completely subdues the fire.

## Where Policemen Shoot Sharks.

An eight-foot shark that had been swimming around in the bay between Main and Beale street wharves was shot and killed by Patrolman Ingham. Small boys have been in the habit of making the space between the wharves a swimming hole and are now expected to give it a wide berth.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

It is reported that the immense coke plants at Connellsville, Penn., are to be equipped electrically, with the idea of cheapening production. Not only will electric mining appliances be installed in the coal mines, but the electric lifts and electric cars will handle it afterward.

Harvard University has sent an astronomical expedition to Jamaica, where temporary quarters have been established at Munderville. Observations are to be made with a telescope which is said to be the longest in the world. It is 135 feet long, but has a comparatively small diameter. Among other work an attempt is to be made to obtain a series of photographic records of the moon, which, if satisfactory, are to be published as a lunar atlas.

A new device for moistening and sealing envelopes will commend itself to many people as more cleanly than the method with which every one is familiar. The moistener and sealer is a central glass tube, provided at one end with a soft rubber nipple, in which metal bearings hold a soft rubber roller. The central glass tube contains water, which is fed to the sponge. In sealing an envelope the sponge is drawn across the gum flap, which is thus moistened. The device is then turned around and the moistened flap is evenly and squarely sealed by means of the rubber roller. For holding the moistener and sealer when not in use a holder is used, composed of a soft rubber suction base, upon which a glass rod is mounted. When the suction base is moistened and pressed down on the table or desk the air is expelled and the holder stands upright, convenient for use when required.

The developments of recent years have given new importance to water powers, and at a recent congress of physicists at Dusseldorf it was pointed out that great progress in the use of such power must follow the damming of mountain streams to hold back water for dry seasons. The advantages of this water storage were thus summarized: Creation of a uniform water power for the factories in the valley and inducements to increase said industries; distribution of power by electrical transmission; a higher water level in the streams, even in the warm summer months, and a decrease of their impurities; decrease of liability of rivers to freeze by the drawing off of comparatively warm water; improvement of the water supply for cities and irrigation of barren lands; decrease in the liability of floods and the damage done by them; decrease of the desire of the inhabitants to collect in large towns; beautifying the landscapes, developing fisheries, water and ice sports, etc., and improvement of means of transportation.

A device has been introduced for the purpose of combining the good effects of exercise and the physiological effects of electricity. By this apparatus a person can have an electric shock while going through his usual muscular rope and pulley exercise. The machine resembles the ordinary exerciser, with elastic cords passing over the pulleys, but the cords serve as conductors and the handles are electros. Close to the hand of the exerciser is an appliance which enables him to increase the current strength at pleasure. A metallic foot plate with which the apparatus is supplied can be placed in the circuit, so that the current can be passed through the body. It can be so switched as to be directed from either hand through the body to the other hand, through the body to the feet, or through the feet to the body. The drawing out of the slide of an induction coil regulates the current in strength to meet all requirements. The dosage of electric current which is supplied by this invention is so slight that it would be difficult to do any harm with it, and it may possibly prove of much benefit to those who use it to a moderate extent.

## A Poisonous Food-Plant.

"One of the most deadly poisons and a common article of food are combined in a single plant," remarked a botanist. "This is tapoca, a South American shrub that grows to a height of six or eight feet. The root as well as the wood of the plant, secretes an acrid milky juice so toxic that it kills in a very few minutes. This quality is eliminated by heat, and that which, in a raw state, is so deadly is thereby converted into a nourishing and agreeable aliment. The root is grated into pulp and subjected to great pressure, which extracts all the poisonous juice. It is then heated on metal plates which transform it into the tapoca of commerce. This information regarding the poisonous properties of the shrub need not disturb the equality of consumers of tapoca, as the process employed in its conversion from a deadly plant into a substance entirely innocuous is absolutely infallible."—Washington Star.

## Sudden Changes in Government.

Heilbron, in the Orange River Colony, has undergone some remarkable experiences of late. Both the English and Dutch forces have occupied it such a number of times that the inhabitants hardly know, until they look at the flag over the magistrate's court, whether the town for the day owes allegiance to her majesty or is claimed by Theron's guerrillas. Since May 23—four months ago—it has changed its rule no less than seven times.—East London (Cape Colony) Dispatch.

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Just a Way the Hiss—His Recommendation—A Fountain of Ignorance—His Lost Opportunity—One of the Business Troubles—The Whole Truth, Etc., Etc.

A woman can't vote and a woman can't throw.  
A brick or a stone very high.  
But a weak little woman of thirty or so  
Can bring a young man or his grand-father low  
By merely a drop of the eye.  
—Chicago Times-Herald.

His Recommendation.  
She—"Would you recommend any particular method of learning golf?"  
He—"Decidedly! Coeducation."—Puck.

A Fountain of Ignorance.  
Gayboy—"What have you been doing all day?"  
Bighead—"Increasing my ignorance. I have just read the latest historical novel."—Life.

His Lost Opportunity.  
Bacon—"Samson was noted for his strength and his long hair, I believe?"  
Egbert—"Yes; too bad they didn't have pianos in those days."—Yonkers Statesman.

One of the Business Troubles.  
"Every man has his limitations."  
"Yes; but even after he reaches them he keeps on thinking his salary ought to be raised just the same."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Whole Truth.  
Judge—"And you say he had murdered in his eye?"  
Victim—"No, sor. I think it was in his hand. That's whaz he hild th' rock."—Chicago News.

No Necessity.  
Miss Pepprey—"You don't mean to say that you absolutely do nothing?"  
Cholly—"Aw, weally, I don't even do that. My man attends to ev'rything, y' know."—Philadelphia Press.

Left at the Post.  
May—"They say that Miss Oldright really has been engaged."  
Belle—"How often?"  
May—"Judging from appearances I should say that she was engaged once too seldom."—Puck.

An Unreasonable Client.  
First Lawyer—"Yes, we've won the case, but talk about an unreasonable client!"  
Second Lawyer—"What's the trouble? Does he expect some of the money?"—Brooklyn Life.

Bolstering Up Class Dignity.  
Horse—"Our coaching club has made a new rule."  
Mule—"What is it?"  
Horse—"Why, when an automobile goes lame it must get another automobile to haul it home."—Puck.

Her Preference.  
Clerk—"Perhaps you'd like to look at some goods a little more expensive than these."  
Shopper—"Not necessarily, but I would like to look at some of better quality."—Philadelphia Press.

Two Veterans.  
"Yes, it's true," boasted Colonel Bragg. "I've been in innumerable engagements, and yet I never lost my head."  
"And I've been in hundreds of them," replied the summer girl, "and never lost my heart."

Bringing Up Children.  
"Do you know much about the training of children?"  
"Do I?" returned the fond father. "Well, you bet I do. I know a whole lot, and if children weren't so contrary and unappreciative, I'd have the best-trained bunch in the neighborhood."

Would Have Made No Difference.  
A subscriber wrote to the editor thus:  
"I don't want your paper any longer."  
To which the editor replied:  
"Glad to hear it. I shouldn't make it any longer if you did."—Pick Me Up.

An Appeal For Adjustment.  
Freddy—"Papa, mamma promised me a quarter if I would have my tooth pulled."  
Papa—"Well, Freddy, you got it, didn't you?"

Freddy—"No, papa. I was thinking 'bout the quarter an' didn't make much fuss, an' so she only gimme a dime."—Puck.

The Only Way.  
Mrs. Dimpleton—"My dear, it is being reported around that we owe everybody."  
Dashaway—"And the worst of it is, it's true. So what are you going to do about it?"

"Do? Why, we must correct such an impression immediately by giving an elaborate dinner party."—Life.

His Disbelief.  
"He says he is from New York," said one young woman.  
"Yes," answered the other.  
"I can't believe it."

"Why not?"  
"He talked with me for five minutes without saying anything was 'ferce' or characterizing anybody as a 'lobster.'"—Washington Star.

A Discovery.  
"It's very remarkable," said Mr. Meekton pensively. "Very remarkable, indeed. I really think the matter is worth bringing to the attention of science."  
"What are you talking about?"  
"Our six-year-old son, Telemachus, Henrietta and I were discussing him, and after ten minutes' conversation it was conclusively demonstrated that he inherits all his good qualities from his mother and all his bad ones from me."—Washington Star.